

The history

Cres. Then sweet my Lord ile call mine vncle downe,
Hee shall vnbolt the gates.

Troyl. Trouble him not.

To bed to bed : sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troyl. I prithee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me ?

Troyl. O *Cresseida* ! but that the busie day,
Wak't by the Larke hath roud the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too brieft.

Tro. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights she staies
As tedious as hell, But flies the graspes of loue,
With wings more momentary swift then thought,
You will catch colde and curle me.

Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
O foolish *Cresseid*, I might haue still held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke ther's one vp.

Pand. Whats a'l the doores open heere ?

Troyl. It is your Vncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him : now will he be mocking :
I shall haue such a life.

Pand. How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide, where's my cozin *Cresseid* ?

Cres. Go hang your selfe, you naughty mocking vncle,
You bring me to doo--and then you floute me to.

Pand. To do what, to do what ? let her say what,
What haue I brought you to doe ?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart, youle nere be good,
nor suffer others.

Pand. Ha, ha : alas poore wretch : a poore *chipochin*, hast
not slept to night ? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe, a bug-beare take him.

Cres. Did not I tell you ? would he were knockt ith' head,
Who's that at doore, good vncle go and see. *One knocks.*
My

of Troylus and Cresseida.

My Lord, come you againe into my chamber,
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troyl. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are deceiued, I thinke of no such thing,
How earnestly they knock, pray you come in. *Knock.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you seene here, *Exeunt.*

Pand. Who's there ? what's the matter ? will you beate
downe the doore ? How now, what's the matter ?

Ane. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pand. Who's there my Lord *Aeneas* : by my troth I knew
you not : what newes with you so early ?

Ane. I, not Prince *Troylus* heere ?

Pand. Here, what should he do here ?

Ane. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you'ts more then I know ile be sworne
For my owne part I came in late : what should hee doe
here ?

Ane. Who, nay then ! Come, come, youle do him wrong,
ere you are ware, youle be so true to him, to be false to him.
Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Troyl. How now, whats the matter ?

Ane. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash : there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
Deliu'er'd to him, and forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must giue vp to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Cresseida*.

Troyl. Is it so concluded ?

Ane. By *Priam* and the generall state of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troyl. How my atchiuements mock me,
I will go meete them : and my Lord *Aeneas*,
We met by chance, you did not finde me here.

Ane. Good, good, my lord, the secrets of neighbor *Pandarus*
Haue not more guift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

H a

Pand.